

THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC.

PUBLISHERS: GEORGE KNAPP & CO.
 Charles W. Knapp, President and General Manager.
 George L. Allen, Vice President.
 W. B. Carr, Secretary.
 Office: Corner Seventh and Olive Streets.
 (REPUBLIC BUILDING.)

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
 DAILY AND SUNDAY—SEVEN ISSUES A WEEK.
 By Mail—In Advance—Postage Prepaid.

One year.....\$6.00
 Six months.....3.00
 Three months.....1.50
 Any three days, except Sunday—one year.....1.00
 Sunday, with Magazine.....2.00
 Special Mail Edition, Sunday.....1.75
 Sunday Magazine.....1.25

By CARRIER—ST. LOUIS AND SUBURBS.
 Per week, daily only.....6 cents
 Per week, daily and Sunday.....11 cents

TWICE-A-WEEK ISSUE.
 Published Monday and Thursday—once year.....\$1.00
 Remit by bank draft, express money order or registered letter.

Address: THE REPUBLIC,
 St. Louis, Mo.

Reflected communications cannot be returned under any circumstances.

Entered in the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

DOMESTIC POSTAGE. PER COPY.
 Eight, ten and twelve pages.....1 cent
 Eighteen, eighteen and twenty pages.....1 cent
 Twenty-two or twenty-eight pages.....2 cents
 Thirty pages.....3 cents

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
 Bell. Kinloch.
 Counting-Room.....Main 3015 A 676
 Editorial Reception-Room.....Park 156 A 674

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1903.

Circulation During November

W. B. Carr, Business Manager of The St. Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of the Daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of November, 1903, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Date	Copies	Date	Copies
1 (Sunday).....	106,860	16	101,490
2	98,430	17	103,780
3	98,530	18	102,250
4	102,150	19	102,250
5	100,000	20	102,250
6	100,120	21	102,710
7	104,200	22 (Sunday).....	109,540
8 (Sunday).....	109,540	23	102,250
9	102,410	24	102,120
10	101,880	25	103,640
11	103,090	26	105,230
12	102,370	27	102,350
13	101,740	28	102,500
14	103,190	29 (Sunday).....	109,490
15 (Sunday).....	106,450	30	102,460

Total for the month.....3,097,470
 Less all copies spoiled in printing, left over or filed.....70,903

Net number distributed.....3,026,567
 Average daily distribution.....100,885

And said W. B. Carr further says that the number of copies returned and reported unsold during the month of November was 750 per cent. W. B. CARR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of December.

Notary Public, City of St. Louis, Mo.
 My term expires April 25, 1905.

WORLD'S 1904 FAIR

CONRIED'S "PARSIFAL."

The persistence, courage and ability of Director Conried have achieved the production of "Parsifal" in New York. Early upon Christmas Eve, at 5 o'clock, a large audience trooped to hear and see the great musical song-spectacle. At 7 they arose for dinner, and returned at 8:45, then to sit until 11:30.

Critical judgment of the great performance pronounced it, in staging and execution, superior to the celebrated Bayreuth production. The chief lack was the "atmosphere," the sympathetic surroundings, the background which stimulates the imagination; and this could not be transported.

Now the question is: Has it been a success? Does the American public respond? Is the fervor of the American music lover sufficient to place him wholly under the spell of the sacred music poem?

Of course the Metropolitan was crowded upon the occasion of the first performance. But never was any production so well advertised. Never was a greater curiosity aroused in the cultured public. Consequently, the test is not yet fully accomplished. Nor will it be accomplished for some little time. From 5 o'clock until 11:30 is a considerable interval and cause for doubt exists as to whether a restless American can surrender himself or herself wholly to a long crescendo of religious and musical exaltation.

Whether rightly or not, America, artistically, is regarded as distinctly in the rear of the procession of nations. The Conried "Parsifal" is declared to be, artistically, great. Upon its reception depends much of the future truth of the judgment which insists that we lack the finer senses, the appreciation of the finer refinements of music and the drama.

REST AND BE THANKFUL.

Activities are converted into fun and the world is allowed to run on of its own impetus during the holiday season; we switch off the power and let the momentum of the flywheel carry us through. It is a delightful period of irresponsibility; delightful even though some things go wrong for want of normal attention; delightful even should the experience seem to prove that it is a good thing Christmas comes but once a year. It's a good thing, though, that it does come at least once. There is a world full of weary people at the end of the year, and the people constitute the world's moving machinery. However strong and active it seems to be going, and however high the tension, power is really ebbing fast, and a rest intervenes most happily.

Even overdoing the relaxation business is better than not relaxing at all, if we must have extremes—and it's pretty generally conceded among us Americans that we must. The comparison between the young American overworked with Christmas plum pudding and ruffled throat and the poor fellow without a single taste of Christmas is overwhelmingly in favor of the former.

One fairly good way of relaxing, by the way, is to give heed to the people whom Prosperity and Santa Claus and the whole troupe of Christmas joys have snubbed and passed by—people whose holiday guests are grim specters and whose revels consist of Poverty's pranks in an empty cupboard and Want's jests before a cold fireplace. In the barrenness of such scenes there is rare opportunity for the man with just a little generosity who would, in an unconventional way, taste the real joys of the holidays. There's where "a little money would do the most good," to borrow the phrase from our philanthropic friends, the politicians. If you seek relaxation, if you would temper the sordidness of things with a little of heart's best feeling, take thought for such darkly unfortunate people—but do not stop with taking thought; take something else. If you can't take it yourself and personally taste the blessedness of giving, you will find any one of our organized charities more than willing to take it for you. A contribution to the Provident Association, or to some other equally worthy society is a

comfortable kind of compromise with conscience that should tend to improve many a man's holiday spirit. Relaxation of the purse strings—"letting go" of something in favor of the starving, sick and distressed—is good enough relaxation for anybody.

AN EVENT IN ART.

Artist Seymour M. Stone's pictorial idea for the New Year is an apt one. Although love, being perennial, befits any period, it suits none better than that happy moment when all the world turns a fresh page, with new hopes, new sentiments and new resolves. It is love that lights the dawning vista of a new year. And, as a long succession of poets have proclaimed, each with the joy of a new and original discovery, 'tis love that makes the world go round. Love implies lovers, and lovers at New Year's imply sleighbells. What, then, could be more appropriate than Mr. Stone's frontispiece for next Sunday's Republic Magazine, portraying in bright colors a dashing red cutter and a spanking foamed-flecked team racing over the snow, a gallant driver, and, seated beside him cozily wrapped in furs, the sweetest of sweethearts—not that he was supposed to have more than one—with glowing cheeks and lustrous eyes and a smile of merriment and joy as fresh and exhilarating as the New Year itself? As a matter of fact the new color processes achieve a distinct triumph in this picture, as in the several others which have gone into the make-up of next Sunday's Magazine.

A double-page color picture by Sigurd Schou amply testifies to the excellence of The Republic's new project in magazine making. Possibly readers of the magazine have noted hitherto that Sigurd Schou's work introduces a new feature in contemporary art—the dressing, as it were, of illustrations in the very newest sartorial styles; combining the interest for the picture with the interest for fashions; or, put differently, animating fashion designs with due regard for the scene and for the life-likeness of the figures. In the past it has been the custom among fashion designers to draw dresses upon any sort of freakish figures and to place them in any sort of absurd setting. Sigurd Schou, with few peers among fashion artists, is an excellent illustrator as well, and his next Sunday's picture of a New Year Reception at the White House "tells a story" that interests the eye, besides giving the latest facts about evening gowns. The women are beauties, not monstrosities, and they are animated actors in a real scene.

People with interest for the social side of things will welcome Harry Thurston Peck's illuminating disquisition upon the life at the great gathering-grounds of society; incidentally this story is illustrated by Sigurd Schou, with several pliantly attractive pen sketches.

"Pedro Alvaro," a good short story by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., occupies a prominent place in the fiction of the number; accompanying it are pictures by H. T. Carpenter, the well-known illustrator. Earle Ashley Walcott tells a "corking" story of Chinatown in Frisco, entitled "A Victim of Prosperity"; the very kind of tale to stimulate Henry Mayer to his best—which means funniest—illustrative work.

What is happening to the lobsters is the subject of an article by John Z. Rogers, who attributes the disappearance of sea food from American waters to a careless and inattentive national legislature; the reckless slaughter of lobsters ought to be stopped by appropriate laws, he contends. If you are interested in lobsters—not of the human sort—you will enjoy this article and its accompanying pictures, which are by another capable artist, J. Oliver Nugent.

By the way, it is worthy of note that the roster of writers and drawers in this edition will place it upon an even level with the best, bar none, of the high-class periodicals; certainly upon a footing of equality with those which bring 10 cents at the newsstands. Several humorous articles, one by W. J. Lampton, and children's stories add to the long list of attractions. The "Ready-Made Philosophy" by Bob Holland is a collection of cleverly turned epigrams which easily rival those of Lorimer in "Letters From a Self-Made Man."

The Republic may be permitted at this time to mention that its plans for the coming year include an exceptional variety of the most expensive and highest-grade "stuff"—to use the shop term—that America's magazine writers and draughtsmen produce. The year 1904 will be nothing less than eventful for the readers of The Sunday Republic if good taste coupled with the free expenditures to give it effect count for anything. To these readers will be supplied a value never before given—and "given" is the right word—to readers of any Sunday newspaper in the world.

LIPTON BOBBING UP SERENELY.

Sir Thomas Lipton is quoted as willing for another try at the cup—one last try, as he puts it—and he bases his hope upon the fact that the next Shamrock will be a four-leaved one.

We have taken kindly to Sir Thomas in the past, but whether we can brook this sort of persistency, especially when it is coupled with superstition, is a question.

How many times are we to be compelled to defeat him? Isn't it asking too much to require us to do it again? When is there to be an end to these "last tries"? When shall we be permitted to enjoy some security?

There ought to be some sort of immunity incident to our series of victories in which we could find refuge. By persistently challenging us Sir Thomas invokes the mathematics of chance, the law of averages, in his behalf; and his chances improve with each event. Sooner or later, if he keeps this thing up, it is inevitable that he will sail home with the cup and leave us asking ourselves why we have been such fools.

There's a limit to tolerating Sir Thomas, however we may admire his gameness. A gentleman and sportsman ought to know when he's had enough, and if he won't admit defeat there ought to be a law of estoppel with which to administer his quiescence.

LOOPING THE LOOP.

The habit which evening passengers have acquired of riding around the downtown loops of the street railways in order to secure seats for the homeward trip has resulted in complications. These complications involve several equities and considerations and are not altogether easy of solution.

Certainly at first blush, upon the principle of "first come, first served," there would seem to be no impropriety in boarding an eastbound car a few blocks from the loop and riding around so as to get a mortgage on a good seat in advance of the eager crowds that await the cars further on. And the companies in the past have not seen fit to collect fares for the extra ride around the turn, which is technically and properly a part of the "down" trip.

But it doesn't by any means follow necessarily because the practice of "looping the loop" has become customary that it is right. Customs are not always right. The equities of the general public and of those persons who board the cars at the beginning of the "out" trip conflict with the custom. If persons are permitted to ride free of charge "down-town" in order to secure a seat for the "out" trip,

then, in order to compete with them, persons who desire to ride from the eastern terminus of the line, and who would under ordinary circumstances board the car there, must walk several blocks west and ride around the circuit as well. In other words, the man who desires to board a westbound car at the beginning of its trip finds that the company has filled the car beforehand with eastbound passengers riding free, to whom, although occupying the same relations to the company, it has allowed an unequal advantage. If the passengers who come around the loop have paid fares, then the, say, Fourth street passenger cannot complain. If they have not paid fares, then are they not mere "hold-overs" and can it be said that the company fulfills its duty to provide cars for the strictly and technically "westbound" passengers? Should not all persons be placed upon the same basis and be given an equal chance for seats at the beginning of the trip?

Can the question of locality affect the rights of passengers? Can one person by boarding the car at a given point be said to acquire rights superior to those of another person who gets on elsewhere? Is not the man who boards a car at any point on the line entitled to equal treatment with every other person? Can he be said to receive that treatment when the company permits the seats to be occupied in advance by persons who have not paid fares and who therefore, in the contractual sense, have not been passengers?

From the standpoint of those who ride around the loop—if they have paid fares they have been entitled to be carried to the end of the "down" trip, at the completion of which the company has fulfilled its contract with them. By retaining and remaining in their seats they rightfully and properly become passengers for the outward trip, for which the company is entitled to collect another fare. Their relationship is, as it were, renewed at the completion of the down trip and the commencement of the outward trip, and they may hold over their seats to the rightful exclusion of other persons.

But if they have not paid fares, what are their relations to the company and towards passengers who enter at the commencement of the out trip? They cannot be said to be passengers on the down trip, for they pay no fare and they enter the car only for the purpose of becoming passengers on the outward trip. It is for the outward trip alone that they pay later on, and they do not strictly become passengers until after the completion of the downward trip; until the outward trip is commenced. Unless their entrance at a prior point is to be taken as a constructive entrance as passengers at the point of commencement of the outward trip—a proposition manifestly absurd—how can they be said properly to acquire an advantage over later passengers?

Governor Yates adds to his popularity by appointing to a Supreme bench vacancy Judge Elbridge Haney, whom Chicago turned down by \$800 majority. This is the habit by which the Illinois Governor usually increases his popularity and the way he takes to convince himself that the people want him.

The Humane Society of Topeka is after two employees of a circus for feeding dogs to the menagerie lions. Maybe the Beef Trust has forced the kings of animaldom to furnish a diet which was formerly confined to the noble red man.

City officials who received gold emblems as presents must be faithful and industrious to live up to their rewards. But those who received punch-bowls can hunt for other incentives.

There is comfort in the thought that New Year's Day is a whole week distant from Christmas. Ear-drums may be rested and repaired in the interim.

Wu Ting-fang exclaims, "Oh, Wu is me." He upturns the disadvantages of being governed by a kind of Imperial Hetty Green.

Reyes has advised his people against war. If Reyes continues to be good he may even be invited to dinner with the President.

A Christmas tree loaded with \$1 bills could be improved only by a Christmas tree loaded with \$2 bills.

RECENT COMMENT.

What West Point Turns Out.

New Orleans Picayune.
 A broad general classification of the graduates of the Military Academy up to date shows that West Point has given us 1 President and 2 candidates for President, 8 Presidential Electors and 4 members of the Cabinet, 29 diplomatic representatives, 24 members of Congress, 122 other Federal officers, 18 Governors and Lieutenant Governors, 85 members of State Legislatures, 124 civil and 175 military officers of States, 64 city engineers, 29 educators, 236 railroad officials, 233 civil engineers, 24 Judges and lawyers, 22 clergymen and 50 members of other professions, 268 business men, 220 farmers and planters and 172 authors.

Governor Yates's Offer to Haney.

Chicago Record-Herald.
 In reckless disregard for public opinion and in gross violation of elementary decency there is nothing in the whole volume of executive act which reveals Governor Yates's breach of faith with the people of Illinois that will compare to his announced offer of a position on the Superior bench to former Judge Elbridge Haney. On this act alone the people may safely base their indictment of the present Governor of Illinois. Other grievous betrayals of the public confidence are charged up to his weakness and stupidity. But this latest affront to public decency has neither ignorance nor weakness to palliate it.

The Beast.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.
 I saw the Beauty and the Beast
 Together once again to-day,
 She called him "dear" and "sweet," For me
 She had no word to give away.

He waddled at her tiny heels,
 Old, stupid, surly, fat and smug—
 Or all the Beasts on earth I hate
 The Beauty's favored Beast—her pug!

One Thing Saved.

Blue Ridge (O.) Post.
 An old negro in a neighborhood town arose in prayer meeting and said: "Brederlin and sisterin, I been a mighty mean nigger in my time. I had a heap er ups and downs—specially downs—since I fined de church. I stole chickens and watermelons. I cussed. I got drunk. I shot craps. I slashed under coons with my razor, an' I done er slight or udder things, but, thank the good Lawd, brederlin and sisterin, I never yet lost my religion."

And the Grass Is Plentiful.

Detroit Free Press.
 When the Colombian Army reaches Panama it should not fail to notice the keep-off-the-grass sign. The admonition is an important one to observe.

The Reason.

Cleveland Leader.
 The eyeball is white because its blood vessels are so small that they do not admit the red corpuscles.

They Are After the Whole Truth.

Philadelphia North American.
 Democrats in Congress want to see more of the exhibitory meat plunger. This is carrying inquiry to the verge of morbidity.

DOES IT PAY TO INDULGE IN THE HABITS THAT WEAKEN CHARACTER?

BY ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

This is a question I would like every man who reads these lines to ask himself. If, in his inmost conscience, he finds that the words I am about to write apply to him.

A great tragedy in court circles recently occurred; a Princess of royal blood killed the paramour of her husband.

The wife was only a score of years old, and she had been married to the man of her choice only two years.

She was young, beautiful and loving; she had staked away her right to the throne in order to marry the man she loved.

She was an expectant mother.

Yet all these proofs of her devotion and sincerity did not awaken in her husband's heart a sufficiently high sense of manly honor and pride to keep him from allowing a physical passion for another woman to dominate him.

And, to make the insult to his young wife still more pronounced, he brought the actress who had inflamed his desires to his home—under the same roof with his wife.

The wife learned of the intrigue, and in a moment of terrible anger—that anger which is insanity—killed her rival. Did the giving way to a physical infatuation at the sacrifice of all noble ideals pay the husband?

Hundreds of men who read these words are tempted from within and from without to yield to fascination similar to that which placed Prince Otto of Hapsburg before the world to-day in the role of the most contemptible man living.

Men by nature, habit and the custom of society are subjected to such temptations, and have always held to the belief that they were less reprehensible when they yielded than a woman under similar conditions.

Putting that question aside, the one question for a married man to ask himself is, Does it pay? Does it pay to follow every impulse of the desires and appetites and passions, and to weaken the will never and violate the moral fiber by self-indulgence?

Does it pay to deceive a woman who

loves and trusts you, or to defy her and argue that your nature is one requiring more license and indulgence than hers?

Would it not eventually bring you more happiness were you to control those lawless impulses by the exercise of your higher nature, and to live up to the ideal of the woman who loves you?

It will become easier each time you resist, just as it will become more and more difficult each time you yield.

Think it over, and ask yourself which pays best, as you recall the tragedies occurring daily in the world through this self-indulgence of human beings.

Then there is the gratification and pleasure you find in the drink habit.

Does that pay?

You gain a half hour, or perhaps two or three hours, of mirth and freedom from care, and then you go home to pain, grief or disgust; some loving woman—mother, wife or daughter, perhaps all three.

You do this only once in awhile, perhaps, and say that a woman should be liberal-minded enough not to make a scene over such an occurrence. I agree with you that the wise woman treats a man who is, as a rule, sober and kind, with great care when he first yields to the weakness of drink. She should think of him as something to pity and help until he is sober and able to reason about his conduct. Then she should not hesitate to make him realize, as quietly and kindly as possible, how he has fallen in her estimation, and how he has hurt her pride and respect.

Men are in the habit of making a jest of such lapses, and they think a woman hard-hearted and narrow-minded who regards them as tragedies.

But while a tender and loving woman will treat a drunken man with pity and consideration, she cannot feel the same admiration and respect and pride, which are elements in every great love.

Aside from hurting her feelings and wounding her heart, the husband or father who frequently comes home intoxicated digs a ditch at the foundation on which his happiness is laid—the solid rock of self-respecting love of the women of his household.

Does it pay?

Then there is the delight men find in the gaming table.

I believe cards have helped many a brain-fagged man to keep his mind from business, and his nervous system from collapse.

I believe clubs are good institutions. But does it pay to leave the home secondary to the club, and to become so debauched with the gaming machine that you sit at the table night after night until dawn, and rush through your business in order to get back to the club?

Does it pay to let the habit grow upon you until you find any other amusement a bore, and any evening at home a perceptible tax upon you that it destroys its pleasure for your family?

Aside from the fact that you are destroying your better nature, your real immortal qualities, by self-indulgence in all or any of the habits herein enumerated, does the pleasure you get out of them pay you for all they cost yourself and others dear to you?

If not, why not right-about-face, and start over in a new line of conduct?

You need not be a "goody-goody man"—you need not shut yourself from all worldly pleasures, or give up everything but duty.

Suppose you try how it seems to be faithful to your marriage vows, to avoid crossing the line of sober self-control, to leave the club and the card table by midnight, and to pass three or four evenings with your family each week. Suppose you try this for one year, and then ask if it does not pay better dividends in the long run than the other course.

Look at the matter of these indulgences as an investment—just as you look over your financial matters, to see what has best paid you during the year.

And then confess to yourself whether the gain in "pleasure" may not be counterbalanced by the continual assessments of shame, fear, deception, reproach and loss of self-respect, not to mention taxes of physical pain and discomfort.

Does it pay?

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BROAD PHILANTHROPY OF THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE WHO WAS ONCE PENNILESS.

BY MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

It is the proud boast of the millionaires of the United States that they have made their own fortunes by their own exertions, thrift and economy.

Very few of them are indebted to their progenitors for even the foundations of their wealth.

By far the greater number have begun on nothing, and have been obliged to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows in the beginning of their life work.

Pride in their achievement is pardonable, and too much credit cannot be accorded to honorable men who have been successful in any career.

If they have acquired fame in any particular line it is generally at the expense of their opportunities to heap up riches, as all mankind is allotted but brief time in this world, and it is exceptional if it can be employed in many directions.

It devotes to such vocations as enable them to make money they cannot at the same time cultivate the mind and accomplish much in the matter of acquiring fame in literature, politics or the professions.

Successful men are alike entitled to great credit, and when they are pleased to use their resources for the benefit of mankind it is all the more praiseworthy of them.

We hear continually severe criticism of rich men. They are accused of all sorts of trickery in the trade, of being selfish and miserly, of parsimonious dealings and many other sins.

It may be that some have been all these things and many more, and yet from their standpoint of right may have done many noble deeds that were not advertised to the four winds.

We have in mind now a very rich man that the public considers close and stingy, and yet many individuals know of his generosity and benevolence to persons whom he considers worthy of his benefactions.

Generosity that gives promiscuously and without investigating the objects of its benefactions is very unwise and demoralizing.

People who do not help themselves are not entitled to be helped, and yet this very class rail against the rich, and are always complaining of their ills and misfortunes, when, as a matter of fact, they alone are responsible for their condition.

The people of the United States are indebted to these same rich men for the advancement of this country in education, religion, charity and the development of the resources that have placed the United States in the front rank of great nations.

They are not altogether blameless for many of our existing conditions, and yet as a class they are the most benevolent, humane and philanthropic men in the world.

No country of the globe can justly boast of as generous provisions for the sick and unfortunate.

Neither has any other nation such ample and liberal provisions for the education of the masses in classic, scientific and industrial lines.

They extend encouragement to young men especially, and as a proof of what they have achieved one has only to visit the schools, universities and stupendous industrial enterprises all over the country and see the positions filled by young men under 30 years of age, who have, by taking advantage of opportunities offered by great benefactors, risen to positions

that once required years to attain under the old, ill-supported institutions of America.

It took a century to enable the aggressive and independent spirit of this new world to develop its resources sufficiently to attract the attention and confidence of other countries, without which it was a slow process to induce capital to come to our aid.

The problem of self-government was being worked out at the same time, and could only be solved by the passage of years and the discretion of the builders of the Republic.

A brief century was not long to have accomplished so much, and if in doing so much many of our loyal citizens have accumulated fortunes, which they are expending with such prodigality for the benefit of the nation, why heap upon them vituperation and criticism because of the clamor of the useless and the idle?

There is a resort for every man who has a grievance or who is a victim of injustice. State and national authorities can be invoked for his protection and vindication, and all men should be ready to see that justice is administered fairly to the poor and the rich.

Protect each citizen in his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but do not encourage a warfare on a class who are certainly helping on the wheels of progress, and who are trying to ameliorate the condition of all of the people